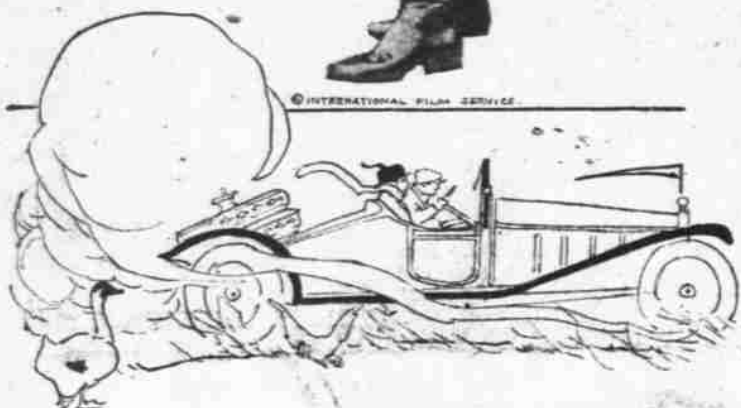


How War Changed the Love Ideal of Gay Mr. Warren



formerly Miss Adelaide Cannon, to whom Mr. Warren Was Engaged Before War Changed His Ideals.

ONE of the most interesting as well as unusual of the romances of the great war shaped is that of George Henry Warren, Jr., of New York, Newport and Paris, and Miss Katherine Urquhart, of Charlottesville, Va.

Young Mr. Warren is heir of the Warren, son of Mr. George Henry, Sr., nephew of Lloyd and Whitney Warren and the late Mrs. Robert Golet. In his pre-war days he was known as Newport's Speed Prince, and no name appeared more frequently on the police blotters for defiance of traffic regulations than did his.

Miss Urquhart is the daughter of a Southern college professor, and is an earnest Red Cross worker.

Young Mr. Warren has so much money he finds difficulty in keeping track of it. Miss Urquhart, though blessed with brains and charm, does not come from the Croesus kind.

Not so long ago Mr. Warren was engaged to a lovely young lady of his own set, one who liked as well as he to "step on" the throttle and who opined the gasoline was low whenever an auto went less than fifty miles an hour.

Now she is married to a man as unlike her former choice as his present one is unlike her in speed yearning.

And all this has the war done, changing the love ideals of young Mr. Warren. So short a time ago he was the leader of the younger members of the Circus Set, happy only when terrorizing Newport with his ninety horsepower runabout with pretty Miss Adelaide Cannon by his side. To-day he is a sedate young liaison officer in the United States army, somewhere overseas, and engaged to marry a most earnest young Red Cross war worker, Miss Katherine Urquhart, of Charlottesville, Va.

As soon as the announcement was made every one who is any one in the Newport colony, which means all of the Warrens' relatives and friends, began harking back to the years just before the great war broke out. And particularly to the Summers of 1911-12. Ah, those were the happy days for Mr. George Henry, Jr., heir to half a dozen millions and member of America's most exclusive set. He had outgrown his boyhood's love affairs with Miss Mildred Rives and Miss Kate Willis and settled down to capturing lovely, blonde-haired Elizabeth Adelaide, daughter of Mrs. Theodore Frelinghuysen by her first husband, Harry le Grand Cannon.

Newport watched the romance breathlessly; it had to, because Warren conducted it at the rate of fifty miles an hour in his high-powered car. All day long, from after breakfast until just before dinner, a streak of dust anywhere out through the countryside meant the passing of the speed king and the smiling girl he had picked out to be his wife.

They were the jolliest, happiest youngsters imaginable, for Miss Cannon, although a debutante and heiress to a large fortune, dearly loved to go—well—almost as fast as her devoted swain.

Why, there was the day when he and Herman Oelrichs and Vincent Astor foregathered at Second Beach and raced their cars at a speed that eventually set Oelrichs' car afire. But even that grand and glorious stunt did not satisfy.

In passing, in this fifth year of the war Vincent Astor is a lieutenant in the navy somewhere in French waters, and Herman Oelrichs is a nifty young ensign on board a destroyer somewhere in the North Sea. And Lieutenant Warren is headed toward matrimony with a girl whose idea of speed is represented by the army mules that carry her to her war duties every day.

But before this romance was consummated an extraordinary transformation took place in George Henry, Jr. He changed from the dashing speed king, whose whole thought centred on having a blazing good time with the Newport set, into a serious-minded American patriot whose sole idea was to help win the war.

The change, after all, was not a sudden one, and to understand it thoroughly one must hark back, like society, to his earlier days, and we must also dip into family history.

George Henry Warren the first had seven children, among them being Lloyd, Whitney and George Henry second, as well as Mrs. Golet and Mrs. William Starr Miller. This group of exclusives, being worth innumerable millions, became the backbone of the Newport colony, and their children were born to the same high privilege.

George Henry second married Miss Georgia Williams and eventually had two children—Constance, who is now the Countess de Lasteyrie, and George Henry, Jr. Naturally these two offspring carried on socially just as effectively as their parents and uncles and aunts.

Miss Constance, being two years older, took a conspicuous place in Newport and New York before George Henry, and by the time he entered fully upon the scene society was exhausted by its amazement. Miss Constance, you see, was excessively athletic, and for several years did her very best to outdo Miss "Bobby" Sears as a circus stunter. While brother George was preparing for college she was keeping up with Miss Sears in every form of athletic endeavor.

When Miss Sears played polo Miss Warren played also; when Miss Sears walked twenty miles in six hours Miss Warren walked thirty miles in four hours.

When Miss Sears's swimming ability won her a place on the front page of the New York and Boston newspapers Miss "Connie" outraced her parents and tickled brother George by swimming from Bailey's Beach to the Forty Steps. And so on.

His Engagement to His Fashionable Fiancee Broken, Lieut. George Henry Warren of New York, Newport and Paris Goes to the Front, Is Sobered by War's Grim Realities and Loses His Heart to a Red Cross Worker

But all these stunts were perfectly ladylike in a way compared with what came later. Brother George came home with a new motorcycle warranted to go one hundred miles an hour. Up to this time Miss Warren had been content to drive a ladylike electric phaeton, but when she saw George's cycle the spirit of speed arose within her, and one morning, at the height of the smart parade on Bellevue avenue, Miss Warren came speeding down the roadway, with George doing his best to catch her on his old cycle.

From that time speed became Miss Warren's mania, and all of a sudden George developed the same trait. When Constance was hailed into court for speeding on Thames street George got himself arrested for the same cause, and so on. When Constance married Count de Lasteyrie George Warren was knee deep in an affair with Mildred Rives, daughter of the late George Lockhart Rives. Father Rives objected to George's speed mania and broke up what promised to be a successful courtship.

Then Kate Willis appeared as a favorite, but only temporarily, for out of a clear sky Miss Elizabeth Adelaide Cannon arrived in Newport to spend her debutante Summer. Miss Cannon was a rare beauty, having inherited her mother's lovely coloring, and George Henry immediately fell a victim to her charms.

It seemed a highly suitable match; there was great wealth and excellent family on both sides and beauty on the side that most counted. Then, too, the young people had many tastes in common. When George Henry pulled his '17' ol' car down to fifty miles an hour Miss Cannon would sigh and murmur, "Is the gas running low, Froggie?"

Yes, George Henry's pet name was "Froggie," but how he won it no one ever seemed to know.

When asked so leading a question "Froggie" would put on more gas and then some. Was it any wonder that he became known to every policeman and constable within a hundred miles of Newport?

Then there were other things this young pair liked to do. There was dancing, for example. At one party given by Mrs. Hope Slater at Hopdene, on the Cliffs, Miss Cannon and George Henry outdanced all comers, going at such a speed that Mrs. Slater finally had to stop the music.

They also liked all other sports—tennis, polo, swimming and football. In every respect they seemed cut out for each other, and when their engagement was reported and not denied, and Elizabeth Adelaide went around with a wonderful diamond blazing on her engagement finger, society nodded approvingly and looked for an immediate marriage.

Then another member of the Cannon family leaped into the limelight. Marian, the younger sister, married John Dineley Prince, a son of Professor John Dineley Prince, of Columbia College. The young people had not known each other very long. Miss Cannon was just a debutante, and the engagement was very short.

On her wedding day the bride received her share of her father's fortune, and the bride and bridegroom sailed for Paris. On their arrival in Paris something hap-

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Miss Katherine Urquhart, the Quiet, Earnest Little War Worker, Who Will Become Mrs. George Henry Warren.

suit for divorce, and that kept society busy for some time.

Then the great war broke out, and it so happened that George Henry, Jr., was in France and saw the havoc and devastation wrought by the Germans. He came back in a most thoughtful and sober frame of mind, and from the moment of his arrival in New York preached the gospel of preparedness.

The same youthful enthusiasm that sent him speeding along Newport's streets at sixty miles an hour fired him in his crusade. He was always the first to help in any relief work for the Allies, and he was also one of the first of the young Americans to enlist in France as an ambulance driver.

All thoughts of joy-riding and love-making went out of his head, but his daredevil coolness that had made him the terror of Newport now made him one of the crack-jack drivers of the American Ambulance.

In September, 1916, while Warren was endangering his life every hour of the day and night, Mrs. Frelinghuysen, back home in Tuxedo Park, announced the engagement of her older daughter to Mr. Luden, the Dutch banker. Mr. Luden's sisters, by the way, are the Countess van Lemberg Stirnum and Madame van Loam, lady-in-waiting to the Queen of Holland.

A few months later the United States entered the war and Mr. Warren came home and joined the army, being placed in the One Hundred and Sixty-fifth Infantry Regiment.

While he was in training Lieutenant Warren was noticed by his superior officers as the most studious and seriously inclined of all the younger officers. When called upon to drive a motor car he would go at a snail's pace and seemed actually afraid to travel faster than ten miles an hour.

One day at camp he rescued one of the Red Cross workers from some slight mishap, and thus met the charming young Southern girl who is now slated to become his wife. This young woman turned out to be the daughter of the David Urquharts, of Charlottesville, Virginia, and cousin of Mrs. James Alexander Stillman, of New York, daughter of James Brown Potter. Although connected with families prominent in New York, Miss Urquhart has never been identified with New York society and has never even visited Newport.

She is deeply engrossed with Red Cross work both in Washington and in England, where her grandmother lives, and the wonder is that she has had any time to fall in love!

And now society is busy wondering what sort of a match this will be! Lieutenant Warren is a most mightily changed man. Like every other man who has gone through the American campaign in France he is "different." The toys that once filled his life are forgotten, he has seen more horrors in the past eighteen months than he ever knew existed, and he only too well realizes the futility of a Newport career. Last January, having gone over the top several times with his regiment, the old Sixty-ninth, New York, he was assigned to the staff of a French army corps, general as liaison officer and has served ever since on the French front.

His courtship has been carried on by correspondence, and all these months Miss Urquhart has been doing her bit here at home. The impression in the Warren connection is that when the marriage takes place, Lieutenant Warren—no longer called Froggie—will become a worth-while New Yorker of a type most marvellously developed by the war. And his wife, who is a keen philanthropist and sociologist, will be of an enormous help to him.

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